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ASSUMPTION COLLEGE REVIEW

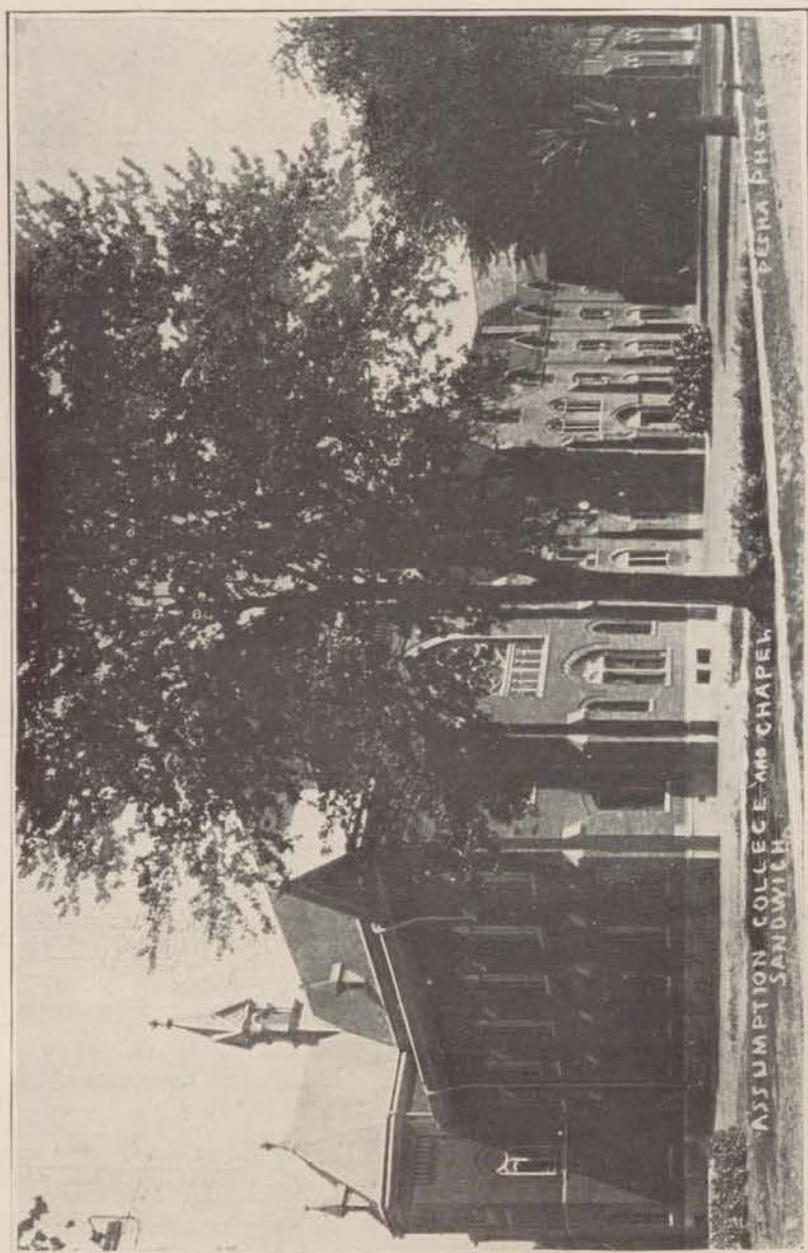
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Sandwich, Ontario

OCTOBER, 1909.

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Assumption College Review

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The Assumption College Review is a literary magazine published monthly by the students of Assumption College. Its aim is to cultivate a taste for composition and to inspire a love for what is best and noblest in English literature. It is intended also to foster fraternity between the alumni, the student and their Alma Mater.

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VOL. II.

OCTOBER, 1909.

No. 10.

To Autumn.

No more is seen the gladsome summer's sky,
No more the songs of summer's birds we hear—
The woodland children's shiv'ring forms with
fear

Among the naked branches we now spy,
And everywhere 'tis death that greets the eye.
Already is that saddest season here
When nature slowly dons her garments drear
And covers up what beauties on her lie.

The chilly dawns; the fields of golden sheaves;
The odor of the fragrant dying leaves;
The dull days growing sadder at twilight;
The pinching cold that marks the fearsome night;
The moaning groaning leaden-colored seas—
The marks of death—the old years death are these.

—C. A. BATES, '11.

Tennyson.



AMONG other things the present year is especially remarkable for the fact that it is the anniversary of an unusually large number of noted and truly great men. Men who have achieved success in nearly every field of human endeavor—poets, musicians, statesmen, scientists. Perhaps some was geniuses, but what is genius but a "capacity for work;" and every great man is a worker in the true sense of the word. And those whom we honor this year were such as took their natural talents, and, by persevering labor, improved and cultivated them until they at last achieved something worth while.

None are more famous nor deserving of more honor or genuine praise than Tennyson. Without doubt he was the greatest poet of his time, and everything that we or anyone can possibly say, is but an amplification of this indubitable fact. Brought up in the quiet of a country life, with congenial relations, and with nature as his daily companion he had all the natural advantages possible for the making of a poet. And his character, delicately tuned by a pains-taking father, easily received all these promptings, and ever responded to the voice of the Muse. Of him it can be truly said that he found

"tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Our motive in the present article is to give a few thoughts on the real value of Tennyson's works. But perhaps the present is not the best time in which to judge of the relative merits or demerits of the poet, or to come to a realization of the fact of his greatness. Paradoxical as it may seem we are at the same time too near and too far distant to judge of him accurately. There have elapsed seventeen years since he lived among us, enriching our lives daily with some new truth, or opening

up to our view some new vista of thought. The force of his personal presence is lacking. But still when the heart is full we are at a loss for words—we are silent. And in this sense we are not far enough removed to judge him with nice discrimination or to compare him carefully and fairly with his numerous contemporaries.

There is usually a sort of reaction following the death of a great author. And we are living in the time of the reaction after Tennyson. But let us see how far this has gone and what will be the position of the poet when it has become a far-off thing.

It seems quite natural for young men to find more poetry in Kipling, say, than in Tennyson; just as some of us consider Crawford or Stevenson a greater writer than Scott. But, at bottom, this is merely the tendency which we all have, to think that which most impresses us to be just. But that is no criterion of greatness. An author can be called great only after he has appealed to various classes of readers for a considerable length of time. It is not by an exercise of our judgment or reason that we call an author great when he appeals merely to us; it is but the result of the superabundant enthusiasm with which we are filled.

But it is scarcely possible that the youth of to-day should appreciate Tennyson as the young people of his own time. His style may be somewhat antiquated; his ideas are not mingled with the froth with which they have grown familiar in the modern magazine, or in the popular novel, or in the omnipresent newspaper; and another thing the schools have taken him up and he is being studied as part of the English courses, and if there is anything that lowers an author in the estimation of a youth, it is this very thing. A writer with whom he becomes acquainted through the medium of a course in English Literature, he considers beyond the boundary of healthy human interests. As a matter of course, he will pay him the usual tribute given by educated people generally, perhaps he will even give him several feet of shelf-

room in his library, but it is an absurdity to think that any one with rich red blood, in other words who is not a book-worm, could find in him any source of pleasure. We speak of the ordinary young student and the exceptions that are found only go to prove the rule.

The above sketch seems to us to be about what the reaction has amounted to in the case of Tennyson. Without doubt he has become one of the "British Poets" as truly as Milton or Shakespeare or Byron or Scott, and is therefore entitled to a certain mead of praise and respect, but otherwise he amounts to but very little. The unthinking majority give him this kind of treatment; those who examine him carefully find him an important factor in the modern world. An idealist, a poet with the aesthetic sense most carefully developed, his solutions to the great social and political problems are practically being put in use to-day. His views on religious subjects, though not always correct, are still very beautiful and elevating.

And the years are gradually sorting his various and numerous productions, arranging them in some sort of order, showing the relative values of each and so helping to bring about a final verdict.

Although a prose writer of no little merit, Tennyson is known principally through his poetry, and so it is with his poems that we deal. Some are losing value and some, we may say the majority, are gaining. Some of his larger works seem to be having their ups and downs in the opinions of the critics and judges. "In Memoriam," which is not merely a lament at the loss of a dear friend, but which embodies his views on the deepest philosophical and theological questions, not only holds its own but steadily gains in favor. Certain of his idylls and some of his lyrics are proven without doubt to be perfect and beyond criticism. For instance: "Crossing the Bar," "Break, break," the interlude songs in the "Princess," and others. The "Idylls of the King" are now seen to be more faulty than they were at first considered. And the peculiar and charming beauty of "Maud" grows in favor of those who are really alive to true poetic beauty.

—C. A. BATES, '11.

The Haunted Church.



IN a certain village in one of our Eastern States there are two churches of the same sect. One is a grand modern structure, the other an old dilapidated building which has not been used for many years. It is with the latter edifice that our story has to do, and the curious circumstances which have given it the name of being "haunted." You will be inclined to smile at the epithet, but it is the one used by the residents thereabouts. The building is surrounded by weeds and brambles of every description. The ancient oaks that overhang and the silence that pervades the place, all serve to make it lonesome. I longed to learn its story and how it came to be abandoned. I had only a few days more to spend in the village and all my inquiries so far had been productive of no results except that I heard again and again that it was haunted. But at last fortune favored me and I learned what I desired.

It came about in this way. One evening I was strolling leisurely down the road when, as I passed the church I saw an old man emerge from the tall weeds. His hair was snow white and his back bent with age. "Surely," I thought, "he must know the history of this place."

"Yes," he replied, when I had wished him a "good-night," and communicated my thoughts to him. "Yes I do. It was when I was a small boy that this church was used and I remember the happenings well. We had a minister by the name of Mr. Milverton then, and he was as good a preacher as ever entered a pulpit. He was, however, often accused of hypocrisy and impiety, but we never had proof of these until the last day of his life, when he was amply punished for them.

"Well, one fine June morning the news went around the town that old Judge Cunningham was dead. The

Judge, though an infidel, had been a particular friend of Mr. Milverton, and we knew that, though he was not a christian, he would have a fine funeral. As we expected, the word came out that grand obsequies would be held two days later.

"The body was to be removed to the church that afternoon and was to lie in state until the last rites were performed. Accordingly at the appointed hour the church was filled to its utmost capacity. Mr. Milverton was there with his new clerical suit and a selected text, not found in Scripture to be sure, but one which the old J. P. himself had composed. 'I am gone, friends, forget me not for I will raise hell or myself yet.' The reverend preacher said these infamous words slowly and then raising his eyes proceeded: 'It is with great wonder that you hear this text;' 'he is dead, but forget him not for he will raise hell or himself yet.' 'My dear friends ——' At this point there was a splintering sound in the direction of the coffin; the lid flew up and a hoarse high voice screeched, 'Whaow, I'm hell.' For a moment all were thunderstruck and then wonderment turned to panic. Women screamed and fainted, the older children clung to their parents, while the babies began to do feats in sonorous bawling. Then there was a mad rush for the door. Benches were overturned, chairs smashed, confusion reigned supreme. 'Whaow! I'm hell,' sounded again from the coffin, and this time the occupant sat up. Some turned for half an instant to catch sight of the Judge's face. The eyes were sunken and as he yelled his whole frame shook. Then the bier overturned and precipitated the representative of the law on the floor. He crawled out of the mixup of flowers and splinters and rushed towards Mr. Milverton, who was ashen pale. 'I'm hell,' came the words again, as he attempted to embrace the preacher. Then the latter reeled and dropped senseless to the floor. The quondam corpse turned and ran down toward the crowded door. Everyone wanted to get out of his way, but that was impossible.

"As he entered the jam more women screamed, more fainted, and more babies bawled. At last one of the men had the good sense to walk up behind the Judge and grasp him firmly around the arms. When the others saw this they became brave and the corpse was borne to the floor and held there until all the people were safely out. I had myself darted outside as soon as I saw the lid fly up, and now I spied the deacon, Mr. Broughtam, among the crowd. He had apparently forgotten about the preacher, because they were fast friends, and I wondered that he was not inside trying to do something for his evangelical colleague.

" 'Mr. Broughtam,' I said respectfully, 'Mr. Milverton is lying in the sanctuary. Had not some one better go in and see what is the matter with him?'

"Mr. Broughtam was a friend of my father and had always taken interest in me. Thus my suggestion received his attention and together we walked into the now deserted church.

"Behind the coffin lay the preacher stark dead.

" 'We must put a pall over him,' said the deacon, who now was trembling from fright and excitement. I went to pick up the pall that had been over the coffin, but he held me back.

" 'No, my, no, not that one, John,' not after what was under it this morning. We will get one from the back room.'

"Then he passed into the rear apartment, I at his heels. Near the door by which we entered there stood a tall cupboard. The deacon touched the latch and threw the door open. He had his hand extended to reach for the pall when, without warning, there dropped out a corpse which had been standing upright inside the case. The clothes on the corpse were old and tattered, but the face—you may not believe me, stranger—the face was the face of the dead Judge. The arms of the dead man fell by chance around my companions neck and there was a loud scream and the deacon lay on the floor under the

corpse. I rushed from the terrible place as fast as my little legs could carry me. Although the live corpse was now in the hands of two policemen I failed to notice it, and did not stop until I was safe at home with my father.

"He had not been at the funeral and when he heard all I had to tell he thought for some time and then smiled.

"Do not be frightened, John,' he said, 'I have never told you before, but you must know that the Judge had a twin brother, who never came outside the house and by times was despondent. I have no doubt that his brother's death set him crazy again, and that he is accountable for this disturbance. He went on a ramble last night, and I heard the police were trying to run him down.'

"And so it proved. The demented brother had broken into the church at night and during the only time that the corpse was alone, had changed clothes with it, put it in the cupboard and taken its place in the coffin."

"Yes, and my poor friend the deacon was dead too," said he in answer to my inquiry.

"The Judge and the infamous preacher were buried the next day from the church without much ceremony. Since then no one would go near this old edifice, and we have it on reliable authority, that now and then on quiet June nights the three can be seen fleeting through these brambles."

—WM. FLANAGAN, '12.



Robert Burns.

man who is out of sympathy with his age is a false chord in the natural harmony of things. It may be that he is in advance of his time—a genius evolving thro' two or three generations in one. Such men are prosecuted because they are not understood, and so it follows that the development of our race is slow and gradual, like the growth of a giant oak or the cedars of Lebanon. In human affairs, however, there is periodicity, action and reaction, an ebb and flow, or rather the receding wave is met and carried higher still as the tide advances from the great sea of human affairs. In the development of English Literature this is very noticeable. Dryden and Pope had sung to the precise rules of classic models. Relatively their songs were perfect. They flaunt the gods and goddesses of the long ago like very heathens. Horace himself could not have found ought for a criticism, unless he charged them with plagiarism and the point of this would be blunted by the motto emblazoned on the classic shield, "True wit is nature to advantage dressed; what oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed."

About the middle of the eighteenth century a mighty wave rolled over Classicism in poetry and completely submerged it. Pope had said "The face of nature we no more survey." This was true until the publication of Thomson's Seasons. The reaction was soon fitly inaugurated by the writings of Collins, Gray, Chatterton and Cowper. Yet there remained the old predilection for the rhyming couplet, classic personification, and the moral poetical essay. Read Gray's "Ode to Poesy," or Collins' "Passions." It is customary to assign Burns among the extreme reactionists, but this has been done through a misconception of his place among modern poets. He does not belong to the schools of Collins or Cowper. He is

as opposite as possible to Dryden and Pope. The explanation of this lies in the fact that Burns is not an English poet. He is the outgrowth of a very different school. Mr. W. Minto in his "Essay on Scotch Minor Song-writers," written for Wards English Poets begins: "The passion for song-writing which seized upon Scotland in the eighteenth century may be compared—if small things may be compared with great—with the passion for playwriting which seized upon England in the latter days of Queen Elizabeth and throughout the reign of her successor. In both periods we have a supreme outcome, the plays of Shakespeare in the one case, and the poetry of Burns in the other; but the excitement by which the powers of these central figures were stimulated was general. When Burns came into the world the competition was universal for the prize which fell to the lot of masterful genius, and throughout his lifetime all classes in Scotland were eager to distinguish themselves as song-writers." From the pens of peers and pedlars, of ladies of quality and women of beggary and licentiousness, flowed exquisite lyrics in quick succession. These were the true ancestors of the poet Burns.

How could a poor farmer's son in the land of Ayrshire, unacquainted with the English customs and English authors, be influenced by the movement in poetry which we have just spoken of. At fifteen he wrote "Once I lo'd a bonnie lass." In this first effort of his youthful passion, we have in embryo the type of poetry he wrote in after life. It shows no indication whatever of any influence except from the songs he heard sung by all he met. When in later years his lyrical genius matured, this original type is closely copied, at least in his more successful pieces. He had evidently allowed no influence to sway him from the direction he first and naturally chose. The strength of this influence can scarcely be overrated. From every side his ears were greeted with old Scottish airs and ballads. He learned to enjoy and love them. Their music rang in his ears. Little wonder

then, that when he essayed to contend for the muse's favor his music was the airs that the lads and lassies of Ayrshire loved to sing. Some had been handed down from generation to generation. What must have been their power over the poetic soul of Burns, to charm, to soothe, and to inspire, we can easily appreciate. This again is a most important influence, resulting most propitiously for the expansion of his soul in poetic flights of lyricism unequalled in any language.

Of prime importance in influencing Burns were the works of Allan Ramsay. Of Ramsay, Mr. Minto says: "He did not create the movement which reached its full volume and intensity in the poetry of Burns, but it was concentrated in him for a generation, and passed on with a mighty influence." He goes on to ascribe to Watson's "Choice Collection of Scotch songs, Ancient and Modern," the great seminal work of this poetic growth. His song "Hark, the Mavis" is almost a transcription of Isabel Pagan's song "Ca' the Yowes." The next example I choose is "Braid Claith" by Robert Ferguson, a contemporary and friend of Burns, to whose memory Burns in the honesty of loyal love contrived to erect a monument. Compare again "Logan Braes," by John Mayne with Burns' song of the same title.

Examples might be multiplied when the music, sentiment and even words of earlier bards are copied with striking similarity, but with an added touch of beauty and clear ringing music. The magic effect of some slight touch in color or change in form from Burns' master hand reminds one of Shakespeare's handling of Holinshed's Chronicles.

Burns is the poet of the tender emotions. His weakness for the gentler sex is most remarkable. To these feelings he gave vent in numerous love songs, full of exquisite touches of nature and charming music. Collectively they form a sort of lyrical epic, whose heroes and heroines are the uncouth lads and lassies of Ayrshire. The story of their joys and sorrows, their loves and long-

ings are subjects suited to his genius and replete with interest to one who had played in them a varied part. From these we learn more of the life-history, more of the faults and virtues of the Scottish peasantry than history could ever reveal. Never did poet with the magic of his pen so sway a people as Burns had done. No other author has so enduringly crept, as it were, into the inmost core of a people's love. They are the willing slaves of his hypnotic power. At his pleasure they are wrought up to a wild frenzy, at one time of anger, of patriotism at another, of sorrow now, and now of joy, then of tender love or honest self-esteem. In a word he holds their hearts in the palm of his hand. Carlyle, in his "Essay on Burns," speaks apologetically of the greatness of his fellow-countryman, but prophesies a time when apology would be superfluous. His century has passed, and his prophecy is more than fulfilled.

The secret of his growth is becoming more and more evident. To-day, when authors are ready to go to the ends of the earth to find new subjects to discuss, new places to describe, new scenes to picture, we are able to discover the reasonableness of their search. Man long ago had searched out the varied chords of his own heart, he had delved down among the main springs of human emotion and action. After Anacreon, Horace, Shakespeare and the philosophers had spoken their parts, this act of the play was over. There was nothing left to do but to repeat. But mere repetition could not hold the interest and hearts of men for long. A new human interest had to be infused into the old tales of love and hate, of ambition and emulation, of sadness and joy and all that holds the hearts of men. Hence it is that in this age of novels and romances, authors beat around with untiring zeal, microscope in hand, for some new scene, some undescribed haunt of men, where life is not lived in its details, exactly as we find it in our own little world. One new stroke of local color, one particularity of setting, any variety in the world, to-day is a creation. In this res-

pect Burns was unconsciously supremely happy. He hit upon the secret of success as naturally as the water flows. To-day it gives life and halo to his name. Though I have already remarked this fact in passing, I revert to it for the reason that it is most luminous from the point of view of comparative literature in its social aspect.

When we ask ourselves "Why do the sounds of the rustic genius appeal to us so powerfully?" we have the answer almost at a moment's notice. You know the principle; here its detailed application is what it is of value to discover.

Burns was never more than a Scottish farmer, at least Burns the lyricist. His friends were the simple peasantry of Mossgiel and Tarbolton. The winding streams of Afton and Ayr to him were hallowed by myriad memories of youthful joys and sorrows. Here he had felt the first touches of love spring up within his sensitive soul. Here too, alas! and all too early, he learned by abundant experience the sweetness and the sting of passionate indulgence. The life about him he entered into with all the zest of youth and inexperience, and sorely it scotched him. Baneful as was this life to his soul and body, yet it was all the more fruitful in inspiration. The fruit of his folly is only too evident in his poems. They tell us of happy days and happier nights, of weary labors, of amours mostly unfortunate, of rollicking companions, and endless experiences fraught with life and interest in the telling of them.

As Burns narrated them, men were delighted and enchanted. We are told that when he came to a hostelry the servants and stable-boys gathered around to hear his humorous stories, even leaving their beds in the night if they heard that Burns was in the house. Accordingly when he spoke to a larger audience through the medium of the press, his hearers were little less delighted. It revealed to men a new source of interest. Before he began to write, who would have believed that the loves and frolics of Ayrshire lads and lassies could hold for a

moment the attention of all Edinburgh? This, of a truth, was a new departure in literature incredible and unprecedented. In this our day it is common enough, but in the eighteenth century it was not so. Burns was a pioneer and such a pioneer that he has remained unequalled, though often imitated.

Of course the narrative of such trivial events could not possess intrinsic interest sufficient to attract and hold the thousands, without the added charm of exquisite expression. But this the poems possess. How inimitable is "O Willie Brewd," or "Auld Lang Syne," or "Highland Mary." Depth of feeling, whole souled honest truth, kindly humour and rollicking fun, sensibility, a touch of sensuality, a swinging joyous Scotch music—these were some of the spices that made of common food, palatable dishes for prince and peasant. The great poet must derive these from nature. Mother Nature jealously reserves a personal supervision in distributing them. On Burns she bestowed this lavishly. If we except the influence exercised by the Scottish bards and song-writers, we may fearlessly assert that no other writer has ever contrived to make his soul an open book untainted by foreign influences. In a whole-souled fashion we are taken into his confidence so that he who runs may read. We are charmed by his ingenuousness. Under the circumstances it could not have been otherwise. He had none of the tricks of the trade except what nature had bestowed. The simplicity of his life among the fields of Ayreshire—writing we might almost say with one hand holding the plough—precluded artificiality and artifice. His songs are the spontaneous overflow of a loving soul—a soul, moreover, typical of a class and a people. This is the ideal which appeals more strongly every day to the present generation. It would be interesting to pursue in detail these qualities in his songs had we the space or had it been the aim of this paper.

We turn now from his songs to another class of Burns' poems of almost equal merit—his longer poems.

Of this type are "Tam O'Shanter" and the "Cotter's Saturday Night." In these we find certain elements which the songs possess but only in a limited degree. Burns' father, we are told, was a man of strong mind, thorough-going common sense, and stern religious principles. These, his son possessed, but with a decided admixture of humour and passion. Hence in the "Cotter's Saturday Night," we find the deep sincerity and simplicity of Gray's "Elegy." In spite of his weaknesses Burns was deeply religious by nature. In his serious moments he vividly apprehended the beauty and sanctity of honest and homely virtue and instinct with its appeal he struck off in a single day, we are told, that wonderful picture of Scotch home life among the virtuous labouring poor. He tells us how parents and children gather about the parental fireside after the long toil of the week, he makes us feel in some indefinable way the mutual joy that fills each honest heart, and over the whole scene he diffuses a sort of holy light of purity and virtue. The moral is apparent and the lesson is inculcated in a way that all must grasp.

"Auld Lang Syne" is another production that speaks eloquently of nobility of soul and fidelity to friends and home. Like these the patriotism expressed in "Scott's, 'wha hae wi' Wallace bled,'" came directly from his father.

We have next to speak of the nature side of his poetry. Everything in nature had a strong charm for Burns. The spreading field new furrowed by the plough, the rigs of corn and barley, the woods and shaded lanes, the rippling waters of the lakes, the gently flowing streams, and raging mountain torrent were able to seize and hold enthralled all the powers of his soul. He grieves when his plough roots up a mountain daisy or destroys the nest of a common field mouse. He pets and fondles his old gray mare as if she was his dearest friend. Such things speak to him as possessing a human interest and a soul responsive to his own emotions. He reminds us of St.

Francis speaking to the fishes whose soul we must believe, was the sweetest and most lovable in all history if we except the gospels. It was not that he revolted against the trite figures and imagery of the classics, but rather because he had grown up in another atmosphere, which brought him face to face with nature. His descriptions from nature are first hand and consequently more natural and effective than those of the writers in the neighboring kingdom of England. They are directly from the store house of his own memory with personal coloring of their own effects upon himself. Most conspicuous among their affects is the sincere love of nature he expresses in all his descriptions. The love of commonplace scenery is another quality flowing from the former. Unlike Scott he loves nature and natural scenery for itself and for the personal reminiscences with which they are fraught. The middle ages with their hold of brawny love and chivalry, did not occur to him as they afterwards appealed to the great romancer. The qualities of personality and sympathy with nature and the reminiscent element contained are well exemplified in "To Mary in Heaven," "To a Mouse," and "The Birds of Aberfeldy." Even in "Prince Satan" he had a sort of waggish interest.

Not only the songs, but the legends and mystic charnis, current among the Scottish peasantry, have received new hold on life from the poems of Burns. His "Halloween" is a series of the sooth-saying rites common in his day. From his own statements we learn that he loved to listen to some old woman for whom the people had a superstitious reverence as she related tales concerning devils, ghosts and fairies, and their mystic dances and mysterious rites. From these materials were produced one of his greatest works, "Tam O'Shanter."

In our limited space we have sought to recount the characteristics of Burns' poetry which bring out his position as a song writer and poet among English writers, with the influences from a social and personal standpoint which made him Scotland's chosen singer. We have seen

that he holds a unique position in the History of English Literature, that he is out of line with the gradual development towards a return to nature study and nature painting, that he has suddenly hit upon the very essence of the romantic movement and advances at a stride to a personal consummation of this movement, which elsewhere did not reach its maturity for almost a century.



The Landing of the Jesuits.



URING the first week of August, Sandwich, Windsor and Walkerville were decked out in gala array. Flags fluttered from every flag pole, window, wagon-top and bridge, and welcoming inscriptions arched the streets at every corner. Pennants, ribbons, and souvenir pins were attached to every lapel, and every face wore a smile that betokened gladness and a welcome to the homecomers. It was the Old Boys' Reunion.

Undoubtedly the most interesting feature of the week was the mimic landing of the Jesuits. As the students arrived on their return to college, they noticed a large black cross planted in their grounds fronting the parish church on the shore of the Detroit River. Here it was that many years ago the early Jesuit missionaries made their first landing on the Canadian border opposite Detroit. Near this spot stands the old log convent which was built nearly a hundred years ago and has withstood the ravages of time and various uses.

Early in the forenoon of August sixth a vast concourse of people had assembled on the river's edge to witness the ceremony of the landing of the Jesuits. Forty stalwart braves from Walpole Island with their squaws and band had been invited to assist in the ceremony.

About 1.30 p. m. a unique parade was seen floating quietly down the river. A cry was heard "Here they come," and when the expectant crowd saw the canoes a deafening cheer arose from many thousand throats. Nothing more realistic could be conceived than the sight that met the expectant gazes of the multitude on the shore. Soon the canoes turned towards the shore opposite the College grounds. Each canoe carried a priest representing a Jesuit, and an Indian guide. The sight was picturesque in itself; but to spectators who recalled at that

moment the early days of missionary enterprize, it held a double charm. Soon the frail canoes touched lightly on the shore and the priests and their brazen coloured companions disembarked. The feathers that adorned the heads of the indians, their tomahawks, pipes of peace, shone brilliantly in the bright rays of the summer sun. To complete the tableau, one solitary savage was stationed on a part of the shore reserved for the landing. As soon as he observed the black robes of the priests as they stood up in the canoes he darted off into the grove near the College. He soon returned with more than thirty of his tribesmen who were apparently too amazed to act. In the meantime the small band of missionaries had scaled the embanked shore and passing up along the old driveway they turned to the right into the open meadow and about half way up to the church, singing hymns and praying aloud as they went. Here they planted a cross bearing the inscription :

"Landing of the Jesuit Fathers, 1728."

Here again the clergy sang psalms of praise.

When the mimic landing had been completed the Hon. Sol. White delivered an eloquent and appropriate oration recalling the greatness of the men whose names they had assembled to honor. He was followed by Lawyer Becegneuil, who delivered a similar eulogism. Their words will no doubt stimulate interest in the historic associations in the midst of which we live almost unconscious of the privilege. To further this interest the REVIEW will publish in a succeeding issue an account of the event just commemorated.

—L. C. LEBOEUF, '12.

"Tribute to America."

BY WILLIAM C. MOFFATT, '09.

I.—Anticipation.

For full four hundred weary years,
Brave mariners have sought,
At risk of frozen limbs and ears,
The North, with danger fraught,
That land, unknown to human face
Held forth a tempting goal,
Hence many perished in the race
To reach the Northern Pole.
What mattered it the widow's grief,
And what the orphan's tear,
The nation longed for the laurel leaf,
What mattered prince or peer.

II.—Preparation.

Bold Nansen tried it for the Dane ;
Success crowned not his march ;
But though his efforts were in vain,
He won a triumph's arch.
Italy then sent forth a duke ;
D'Abruzzi was his name,
Dame Fortune did not on him look,
Yet he holds undying fame.
Captain Bernier, too, of Canada,
With the grand old Union Jack,
Set out to find the world's "big nail,"
But the ice fields held him back.

III.—Realization.

At last the quest for the Pole is o'er ;
For which lives have paid the price,
And America's starry banner

Now floats o'er that sea of ice,
Denmark's captain did not raise it,
Nor yet D'Abruzzi's duke ;
Not even dauntless Bernier,
But a surgeon—Doctor Cook.
Robert Peary, too, has reached the spot,
Where but one man has stood.
So after thirty years of toil,
The commodore "made good."

IV.—Congratulation.

All hail then to Cook and Peary,
And their bands of gallant tars !
At last they've reached the world's Apex,
Now let them talk with Mars.

In view of the warm controversy now going on between the two discoverers, a member of the Sun staff begs to add the following :—

V.—Recrimination.

But if they talk to Mars let's hope
These two brave men won't say
The nasty things they're telling
To each other every day.
Says Peary, " You're a liar !
You never reached the pole !"
And the Doctor answers " You're a thief !
My furs and grub you stole !"
How would it do, if these brave men,
Can't cease to sneer and flout,
To send them both back to the pole
And let them fight it out ?

—*From the Owen Sound Sun.*



Editorial.

The Editorial staff has changed but still the REVIEW goes on. For the first time in the history of the College a local paper was published by the students from the beginning to the end of the Scholastic year. We have received kind and encouraging words from many quarters, and particularly from those whose approval we prize most, and we again undertake the laborious task of continuing the REVIEW. From the first issue the REVIEW has set a high mark for literary quality, and we realize that to attain that mark will be a difficult task, but what others have done we also may hope to do. In this work we ask the assistance of the Alumni, we appeal to the memories of other days when old Assumption sheltered you from the blighting breath of evil and sin, we shall look to you for encouragement and support. And be it remembered here that while it is true that the Treasurer is a necessary evil, and is the one most frequently recalled; yet the editor is no mean wheel in the machine and needs consideration on your part. A literary contribution to the

REVIEW is more acceptable at any time than a monetary one. Do not forget this fact, Alumni. In the past we have never received an article from an alumnus except after a direct appeal. We want you to understand that we are happy to receive articles, whether short or long, at any time.

Home Progress.

Since the erection of the new chapel, improvements have been the order of the day about the College. The exterior of the main building has been put through a vigorous course of burnishing, and the front lawn is "a thing of beauty." The four dormitories have been overhauled and new class-rooms installed. The old chapel has been divided into two sections, one for commercial work and the other for physical science and laboratory work. For the work in the Commercial department three rooms are specially fitted out with all modern devices. But perhaps the most marked improvement has been made in scientific equipment. Besides a laboratory of chemicals for this work, there is a large class room thoroughly equipped with materials and apparatus for practical work. Of course the changes have entailed large expenditures of money; but the College authorities are determined to make Assumption as well equipped as any college in the country. The various courses of study have undergone considerable modification. The class, study, and recreation periods have been rearranged, and, owing to the scarcity of teachers within the community, a number of professional lay teachers, highly recommended for their work in Ontario schools, have been called in to complete the college staff. The Academic course has been extended to four years, requiring in all eight years to complete the Secondary school and College courses. Everything has been done to insure efficiency, and the patrons of the college are offered the highest intellectual and literary culture in conjunction with the best moral training. The courses in the Academic Department have been arranged

so as to meet university entrance requirements so that graduates of the Academic course will be enabled to enter the University of Toronto or the University of Michigan.

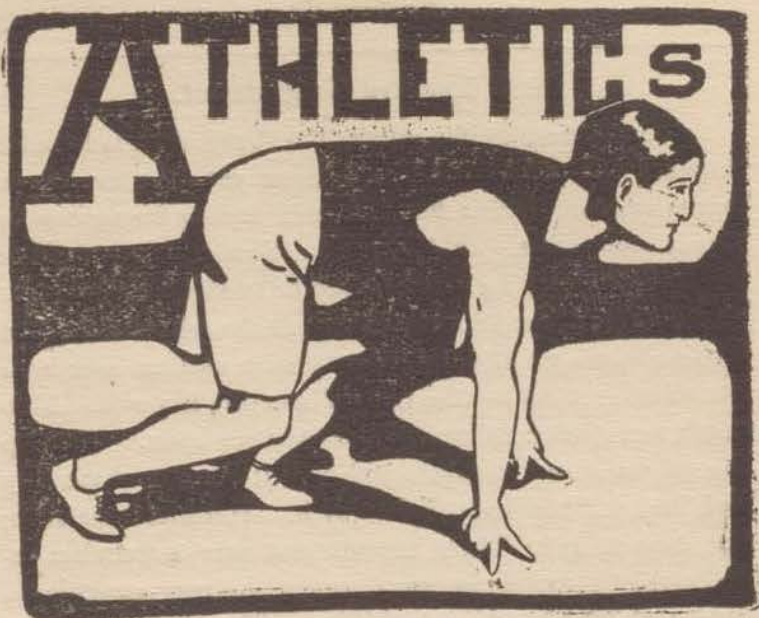
The Canadian Plenary Council.

The present year marks an era in the history of the Catholic Church of Canada. At the present time the hierarchy of Canada are assembled in the historic old city of Quebec. With them are the most learned of theologians and most experienced missionaries, but all having the same object in view, to discuss the present status of the Church and to draw up a set of laws for the advancement of the Church in this great country. The council is most opportune. It contradicts the critics of our holy Church who have never allowed any opportunity to escape them to slander her. The great leaders in the Church realize that this country has entered on an era of growth and commercial expansion which promises to equal the recent marvellous growth in the United States. The Church is preparing itself to meet the requirements of new conditions. Inspired with a fullness of apostolic zeal she is preparing to bend every energy to save the people to the church who are now within the fold, and to keep the teachings of Christ and the bible respectable in the eyes of the multitude, so that men may continue to recognize the indwelling of the divinity which belongs to her alone. She would offset the tendency to depreciate the value of Christ's work; she would prove that where the sects have failed to offer the masses a vital religion, she has not failed; she would convince men that without religion man is lost to himself, to his noblest ideals, to morality, to faith, and to the old belief in a God, the Creator and Supreme Master, to whom we creatures owe all that we have or hope to be. We pray that the Holy Ghost may be present in all their counsels to guide and instruct them, so that Divine Wisdom may enter abundantly into the results of their work.

Work Ensures Contentment.

Other things being equal, the busy man is happier than the idle man. We have never yet happened on a man who found within his sole self matter for serious or steady gratulation. Old Rip Van Winkle, it is true, kept his own company for some fifteen or twenty years without complaining; but Rip was asleep all the while. Awaken Rip and then see if he would not soon wander back from his solitude, even at the risk of meeting his wife. Man needs occupation as long as his eyes are open. Take up the mirror of self analysis and hold it firmly and steadily and then say how long you enjoy it. Hermits have been; but, how many? Their mental cast was a peculiar excellence not found in men except in very exceptional cases; about one among a million. The New York State banker was a wise old critic of the human species. "Fleas are good for dogs," he said; but we think he had his eye on the human rather than on the canine species, when he said it. Work is the warp and contentment, the woof of human life. Draw out the work threads and those of contentment do not hold together.





Base-Ball.

The interest displayed in the soccer game and rugby have for the most part, drowned base-ball for this season. Although we have had a few lively games, in which our younger material had an opportunity to show some of the Alumni that our colts are not below the standard, the games were not of great importance. Our Emmett south paw, Leo Kennedy, has so far been delivering goods that even our heaviest sluggers swing at with prodigious awe; and in him are centered great prospects as first twirler for the A. C. nine of '10. Among others who have shown a marked improvement are Frank McQuillan, the receiving end of the battery works, and Fred. Costello, the third sacker.

Soccer Football.

Though fate has seen fit to have only six of last years near-champions of the Peninsular League with Assumption for the schedule of '09, we have promising prospects that, with other enthusiastic recruits, this year's line-up will prove as successful. Had it not been that the Caledonians disbanded before playing their last sche-

duled game with Assumption, our boys would very likely have carried the honors of this vicinity.

A meeting was held recently and preliminary steps were taken to institute the Peninsular League for the fall season. Officers of the league were elected and the highest post in this soccer sphere devolved upon our star full-back. Mr. Jos. Bell was singularly honored in being the choice by an almost unanimous vote for the president's chair. The college has been very fortunate in having Mr. Bell to guard their goal for two years and are again blessed with his presence for the third season. Joe is exceedingly enthusiastic over the sport and handles his pedal extremities with such dexterity that even the experts, imported from the old sod, gaze on his tracks in perplexity. We feel confident that the leaguers will find in Mr. Bell an honest and efficient president.

"Shorty" Busch, the all-around athlete, is not with us this year, and were it not for the sterling quality of the work shown by Jack Young in the goal, his loss would be a great draw-back. W. Moran, P. Mahoney, Leo Kennedy, Fred. Costello and "Gig" Robinet are again with us and are in grand form. The former three of the above mentioned, with Frank McQuillan, secretary of the college team, Leo Roberge, Geo. Brennan and Currier will fight it out for back positions; while a speedy line can be chosen from the following candidates: Fred. Costello, "Gig" Robinet, "Matty" McIntyre, Art Finn, Joe Fillion and W. S. Maguire whose speed and accurate shooting makes the spectators sit up and take notice, and the youngsters inquire "who's that guy?" Hard and vigorous practice will make the college eleven the best in this district. The schedule reads as follows:—

Oct. 2—Sons of England vs. Walkerville, at Windsor.

Oct. 9—Sons of England vs. Assumption, at Sandwich.

Oct. 16—Assumption vs. Walkerville, at Sandwich.

Oct. 23—Sons of England vs. Assumption, at Sandwich.

Oct. 30—Assumption vs. Walkerville, at Sandwich.

Nov. 6—Sons of England vs. Walkerville, at Walkerville.

Rugby.

This is the youngest sport in the college sphere, but nevertheless it seems that Captain Brehler and Secretary McGinnis have inspired their warriors with more ginger in their daily practice than has been exhibited in most try-outs on the college gridiron. Those in real earnest to gain renown for the squad of this year are mostly solid, substantial athletes; and we feel assured that the vacancies left by the absentees of last year's team will not be so keenly felt as we at first surmised. Every player is making high bids to land his position, and so the winner must be a hustler.

Rev. Fr. Morley has displayed great interest in managing the team and expects that, when his trick-plays are working in good style, his little mob will reap vengeance on some of the husky lads that garnered tallies against the team of '08. "Pee-wee" McGinnis will most probably hold down full, and with his side-partners "Windy" Murray and "Tug" Walker will form an invincible stronghold for the positions back of the line. Among those working for line positions and who have shown up exceptionally well are "Stonewall" Mackey, Geo. Sullivan, T. Murray, Jack Calanan, J. Conway, Fred. Gazella the solid veteran of last year's guards, M. Buckholz, and "Punk" Higgins. "Heavy" Christie, who shows a wonderful improvement since last year's attempts and is now commended for his consistent work, will very likely cover the central station.

Of the vets whose absence will be a detriment to the team, it is thought that the line will sorely feel the loss of Ed. McQuillan, the star end man who featured in many phenomenal stunts of last season and whose ginger and grit through the whole game made many visiting stars steer clear of Mac's territory. The schedule for the fall is yet incomplete.

Belvedere Rugby.

The conspicuous but silent menace that beamed all

over the rugged physiognomies of that Carlton squad never fazed Le Boeuf's warriors, nor dimmed their motto, "Give me victory or can me for a lemon." Indeed it was a fitting opener for the season of '09, in which every "purple and white" colt showed his loyalty to the flag. Though the Belvedere squad was the most tardy in their preliminary training, they were not so slow with the schedule. Their enemy were nearly twenty pounds heavier to the man, but the sturdy stonewall defence of the Belvedere line warded off the repeated onslaughts of their colossal adversaries in fine style. Several times did Sharkey and Fitzmaurice give clever exhibitions of the forward pass, and only once were their opponents successful in obstructing the play.

The defence of Sec. Koch, C. Dalton and F. Ayers was something spectacular, while the work of LeBoeuf and Brennan for the college, and Chapman for the visitors drew frequent peals of applause from the spectators. In the first half the Carltons managed by a clever criss-cross and a bit of rough playing by Harris to tally a touch-down, and Sewell failed to find the goal in his kick. The second half found the tables turned. LeBoeuf took the ball and made a centre rush through the foe's line for a fifteen yard gain, and by steady plunging the collegians carried the ball across the Carlton line for a touch-down. Fitzmaurice kicked a little wide and thus the game stood to the finish 5-5. The following is the line up for the two teams :

BELVEDERE.		CARLTON.
C. Dalton	l. e.	Harris
C. Koch	l. t.	Smith
E. Welty, R. Roehrig	l. g.	Mason
A. G. Olk	c.	Sewell
W. Manning	r. g.	Jensin
W. Doney	r. t.	Weir
J. Fitzmaurice	r. e.	Houghton
G. Brennan	q.	Fry
F. Ayers	l. h. b.	Chapman

R. Sharkey	r. h. b.	Hanna
L. LeBoeuf	f. b.	Beaton
Score—First half,	A. B. C. Belvedere, 0 ; Carlton, 5	
Second half,	" " 5 ; " 0	
Final score,	" " 5 ; " 5	

Touch-downs—Chapman and LeBoeuf.

Time of halves—20 minutes.

Referee—Buckholz. Umpire—McGinnis.

Tai Kuns Rugby.

The Tai Kun squad is numerically stronger than any response made before under the Tai Kun flag. Every candidate is exceedingly enthusiastic that this fall will see their banner floating high, and no captain and secretary have shown more interest in the training of a crowd than young Martin, the cracker-jack full-back of Assumption, and Louie Morand the stout little half-back.

These youngsters under the supervision of Mr. W. Rogers, who takes great pride in manoeuvring his daring little squad, have achieved a renown which our representative team envy. Only once out of a total of ten scrimmages last fall did the Junior representatives encounter defeat ; and that in a hard fought, and perhaps the most remarkable, game of the season. Up to the last two minutes of play in this game the home team led by a score of 4 to 0, but two fumbles and a well-directed on side kick credited the game to the Trumbull Juniors. The final score being 5 to 4 ; but that was the only time in the season that our junior eleven were let down on the small end.

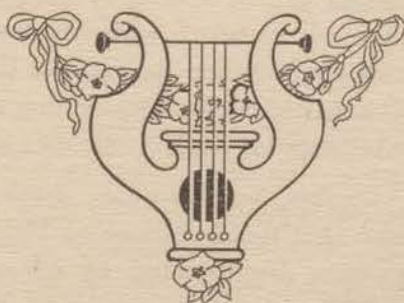
The team feels the absence of five of last year's men, but with this healthy crowd to pick from the coach finds the team is not demoralized : H. Logan, B. Turner, O. Conger, C. Taylor, S. Fisher, D. Broughton, L. Barlum, L. Page, Ted. Lareau, J. Logan, J. Harrigan, D. Gotwald, L. Humphreys, L. Foster, M. Martin and L. Morand.

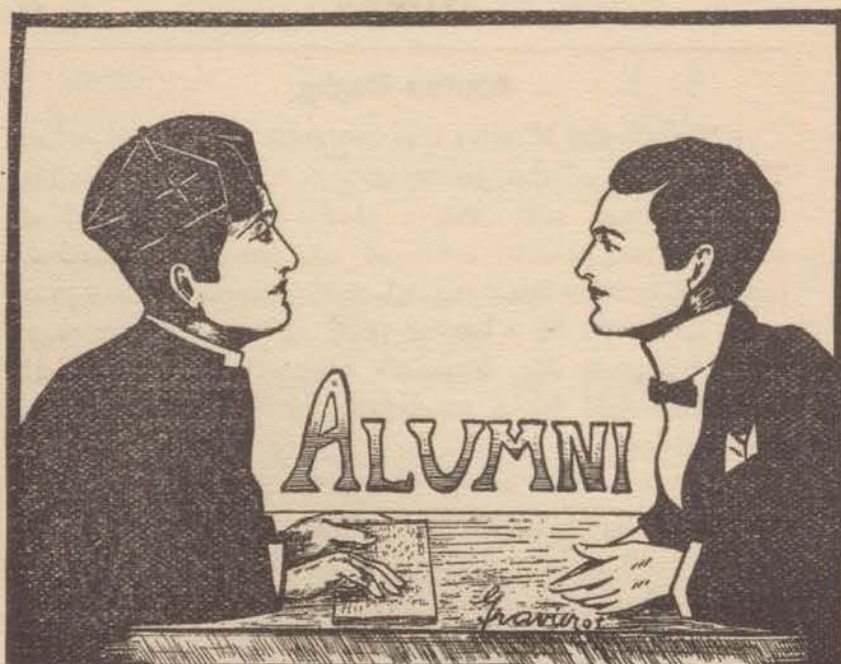
Minims Rugby.

Nor are the Minims less energetic than the veterans. The ambition of the youngsters is to rival the Stellas. Lester Emmer, who won a great name for himself at center on the reserve team of '08, has volunteered to coach this enthusiastic squad, and assures us that prospects are bright for a banner year. If parental objections did not impede Mr. Emmer's progress in the foot-ball world he would be a candidate for the representative team this year.

As the result of recent elections in the Minim's sphere Elmer Mardian and Norbert Neiderprum are captain and secretary respectively. Coach Emmer expects to choose his eleven from the following : E. Mather, L. Sangelar, E. Mardian, E. Lamerand, Meredith, M. Morand, F. Shearer, R. Slack, C. Green, J. Burns, J. Singuline, A. Singuline, H. Quermback, J. Famularo, N. Neiderprum, the ambidextrous Kennedy and M. Sullivan.

—J. FILLION, '12.





The annual meeting of the Alumni Association will take place in the College on November 11. The officers of the association extend a cordial invitation to all the Alumni of Assumption College to attend.

Rev. F. X. Semande, formerly treasurer of the College and most sincere friend of the boys, has been removed to Amherstburg as pastor of St. John Baptist's church. He seems to be well satisfied with his new appointment and he may rest assured that he has our heartiest wishes for a career as long and as glorious as that through which he passed at Assumption Church, Sandwich.

Mr. W. Langlois, '09, has gone "back to Montreal," where he has entered the Seminary of Philosophy. The staff and boys were disappointed by his sudden leaving. What's wrong Wilfred? Best wishes just the same.

Mr. Cassius Kelly, Second Academic, '09, has taken a Normal school course during Summer Holidays, and is now teaching school near Flint. His absence is

deeply lamented by Mr. Leo Roberge but equally applauded by the merchants of Sandwich, Windsor and Detroit.

Every year Assumption is one of the foremost in adding to the roll of Holy Priesthood, and this year the diocese of Detroit has been specially favored by her good work. On July 4 the Right Rev. Bishop Foley ordained six young men who were all Alumni of Assumption. These were the Revs. R. Fleming, J. Klick, G. Witteman, G. Pare, J. Welsh and T. Connell. All were given large and responsible appointments, which goes to show that the Right Rev. Bishop places no small trust in Sandwich boys. Fr. Fleming is assistant at Battle Creek. He was the oldest student here and the "Minims" cannot see how the college can exist without "Mr. Fleming." Fr. Klick is assistant at St. Anthony's Church, Detroit. He is missed greatly by the Stellas, having been their star pitcher for many years, and the team is at a loss where to find his equal. McQuillan's throat is aching for the cry, "Shoot 'em over, Johnny!" Fr. Witteman is pastor at Mendon, Mich., and, besides this, has to attend to several missions which keep him on the go all the time. Fr. Welsh is pastor of Three Oaks, Mich. Fr. Pare is visiting in California and Fr. Connell is assistant at the Sacred Heart Church, Detroit. During the past month we have received visits from the Rev. Frs. Fleming, Klick and Witteman, and we hope that the other Rev. Fathers will favor us likewise in the near future,

On Wednesday, Sept. 15, the old boys were delighted with a visit from Mr. Jos Baillargeon, who dropped in before leaving for the Grand Seminary, Montreal. Mr. Baillargeon graduated from Rhetoric in '07, and then went to the Seminary of Philosophy. There he decided to enter the Holy Priesthood. Best wishes for success, "Billy," old boy.

The Philosophy class of '09 is well scattered. Mr. W. Murray has entered the Toronto Novitiate. Mr. A.

Scarnecchia is continuing his course in Cincinnati. Messrs. J. Harding, A. Theoret, J. Emery, J. Quigley, T. Corcoran and J. Gleeson are all attending the Grand Seminary, Montreal. Mr. W. Moffatt is on the staff of the Owen Sound Herald. The REVIEW wishes the old "grads" success in their different callings.

Mr. W. Byrne, '09, has resumed studies in Baltimore.

Owing to his father's illness Mr. W. C. Moffatt, '09, has decided to remain at home for a year. He is correspondent for Toronto, London and Owen Sound papers. His work is highly appreciated in his home town, and we print his "Tribute to America" in another part of the REVIEW.

—L. C. LEBOEUF, '12.

Chronicle.

The closing exercises took place on June 17th. After months of study and steady work the students were rewarded for their labors. In the Philosophical course the honors went to Tillman Corcoran, J. Gleeson, J. Emery, J. Harding and W. Moffatt. The contest for the prizes were very close, T. Corcoran taking the award in Mental Philosophy and J. Emery in History of Philosophy. In the Classical course the excellence prizes in the different years were awarded to W. Rottach in Second-year Arts; W. Flanagan in First-year Arts; J. Dalton in Third-year Academic; T. Moran in Second-year Academic; and A. McHugh in First-year Academic. A remarkable record was made in the Graduating Commercial class. Under the experienced tutorship of Rev. E. Pageau, every member of the class succeeded in securing the Commercial Diploma of the Dominion Business College, and seven of the twenty-one took the special course in shorthand, all seven won the Diploma in this course as well. Rt.

Rev. J. S. Foley, Detroit, and V. Rev. F. Meunier, Windsor, presided at the distribution of prizes. Rev. P. O'Connell, Cleveland, addressed the graduates. The address was an eloquent and scholarly treatment of the vital question, "The Practical Side of Education."

The remainder of the program was as follows :

- 1 { (a) March—Futurity W. J. Hearn
 (b) Overture Selected
 COLLEGE ORCHESTRA.
- 2 Salutory—Welcome.....
 J. HARDING.
- 3 Chorus—"The Song of the Sword," J. Edwards
 COLLEGE GLEE CLUB.
- 4 Education—The Basic Principle of Human Progress.
 J. GLEESON.
- 5 Spring Dreams R. A. King
 COLLEGE ORCHESTRA.
- 6 Valedictory—Farewell
 W. MOFFATT.
- 7 Chorus—"Hunter's Song," F. Kuchen
 COLLEGE GLEE CLUB.
- 8 Remarks
 RT. REV. BISHOP AND V. REV. ADMINISTRATOR.
- 9 March—"Assumption Forever," T. Ashton
 COLLEGE ORCHESTRA.
 GOD SAVE THE KING.

After the distribution of the prizes a large number of the graduates partook of luncheon in the College Refectory.

Once more that old familiar sound from the belfry greets our ears, as it summons us to duty, from which we were but a short time ago released, to wander forth, at will, about the United States and Canada.

Many improvements have been added to the exterior as well as the interior of the College buildings, during the holidays, including a spacious laboratory and Commercial Room which we expect will be ready for service in the near future.

The season of "Blues" is now past and the "New Recruit" fully realizes that mamma and the party are no longer at his disposal.

Among the many sensations in connection with the North Pole question, our College seems to hold a part. Through one of its members it has spread its doctrines, though on a small scale, to that far away region of obscurity, in a very peculiar manner.

About the year 1880, General Greeley undertook an expedition to the pinnacle of the continent, accompanied by seventeen men among whom was Lieut. Fred Kislingbury. They reached Cape Sabine where they met with reverses and hardships. The outcome was the destruction of almost the entire crew who it was claimed lived on certain of its members when chance had failed to furnish the meal. Peary in his late expedition, has come upon the deserted camp at Cape Sabine from which he sends many despatches and among them the following note :

"In a chest of Gen. Greeley's were found his dress uniform and the what-not of a man's toilet. Over in one corner was a school text book which had evidently seen some use. In a boyish hand on the fly leaf were written some words from which the correspondent copied :

"Lieutenant Fred. Kislingbury, to my dear father, from his affectionate son. May God be with you and return you safely to us. (Signed),

HARRY KISLINGBURY."

"On the opposite page were the names of several students from Assumption College, Sandwich, Ontario, and the address of Harry Aislingbury, which was Fort Custer, Montana, and who had formerly attended Assumption College."

Among our callers during the past month were the Reverends J. Marion, Detroit ; J. C. O'Brien, Bunker Hill, Mich. ; J. W. Rafferty, Durand, and J. Tobin, London, Ont. Also a few of our old students have favored

us with a visit : A. Fitzpatrick, Mr. Pierre, P. Jordan, J. Coyle, Leo Gaffney, W. Byrne, W. Courtney, J. Baillargeon, Ed. McQuillan, L. Renkes, F. Bush, J. Maloney, F. Brennan and L. McKeon.

Mr. Adolph Boucher, a former student here and a graduate of Rhetoric in '08, who last year attended Toronto University, is now in the Novitiate in Toronto. Through past records we know "Duff" to be a hustler, and to him we all extend our best wishes in his chosen path of life.

The Soccerites are out and hustling for their first game in the Peninsular League. Present indications predict a shield, for the "Walker Cup," bearing Assumption's ensign.

It was a red-letter day for the students when the Tiges landed their third pennant. After Purple and White, Black and Yellow are always first at Assumption!

The old clock, in the hall, struck !!

Get the Police !!

Mr P. Mahoney was lately called home to the bedside of his sick father, who is reported to be in a critical condition. Also, Mr. Carl Merkle was interrupted by a similar call. To these gentlemen, in their trouble, we extend our sincere sympathies.

The St. Basil's and St. Dionysius' Literary Societies will open in the near future for the enrollment of members.

Don't fail to secure a bill of the Big Show next month. Get your tickets early.

The initial production of the Dramatic Society was given on the 5th. The program was varied and interesting throughout, each member seeming well fitted to his selection. The main feature, however, was a farce by Messrs. Roberge and McQuillan, entitled the "World's Series," in which the comedians proved to the audience, the old adage: "Actions speak louder than words." Mr.

The September number of *St. Mary's Messenger* has also reached us. "Our Debt to Tennyson" is an elegant appreciation of him "who sang in sweetest notes the true, the good, the beautiful in earth and sea and sky" as the sonnet which prefaces the essay aptly runs. We compliment the writer upon the manner in which the subject is divided and upon the good judgment used in proportioning the various divisions. The paragraph dealing with the "Idyls" offers a good interpretation of their symbolism, nor is Oliver Wendell Holmes forgotten by *The Messenger*. The literary qualities of "The Autocrat at the Breakfast Table" are fully discussed. The number also contains several well written poems and is very complete considering it was issued at such an early date after vacation.

In the Notre Dame Scholastic the Meehan Prize Essay. "A Literary study of the Parables of Christ," very well analyses the method of teaching employed by Our Divine Lord. We await with eagerness the continuation of the interesting "Study" and trust that it will in every way merit the praise which we have for the first instalment. Then, too, we would like to ascertain whether, Iski even managed to pay all the debts he contracted in purchasing his "Menagerie" or where he finally ended when the inhabitants of the railway camp were through with him. "Some Catholic aspects of Longfellow" brings home to us again the fact, so noticeable in many Protestant poets, namely, that one may leave a deep conception of Catholic doctrine and yet remain outside the fold. We would recommend that Mr. Carroll try his hand on the Catholic aspects of Tennyson also.

We also gratefully acknowledge the receipt of *The Agnetian Monthly*, *The Augustinian*, *The Collegian*, *The Exponent*, *The Laurel* and *The Nazarene*.

—WM. J. FLANAGHAN, '12

Nova et Vetera

Dutch,—“Were the people of Asia always yellow?”

Teacher,—“Wa-a-a-al, what do you mean? As to color?”

Bill,—“I wonder why that clock stops every night?”

Joe,—“Why, its afraid to go on in the dark.”

Brennan,—“Do you want to buy any books?”

Sullivan,—“Yes, have you a Greek Grammar?”

Brennan,—“Sure do you want to buy it?”

Sullivan,—“No I've got one.”

Jack,—“Say Joe, you're the candy kid.”

Joe,—“Why?”

Jack,—“Because you're in the pond!”

—“Has anybody found Roberge's eye?”

There had been some discussion about the powers of the devil.

Neale B,—“Say, Professor, if the devil brought us a chicken, could we eat it?”

Professor,—“We-e-e-l, I dont know.”

Fred C,—“Well professor we could be sure it was well done, couldn't we?”

Pat and Mike were entering a game of Rugby for the first time, and made an agreement that neither should let on when hurt. About the middle of the game, Pat, after receiving a blow on the shins exclaimed, “Now my leg is surely broken this time.” Mike made the following retort. “Aw shut up, I had my neck broken long ago and I didn't say anything.”

Golf note.—While not equal to Miss T. of the visiting delegation as a stylist, she is far more of a possibility as a finalist. She was weakest around the cups. Her drawing was exceptionally straight, with no pressing for distance, and her approaching admirable.

Student in Christian Doctrine class,—“Say, professor, did the fish all drown in the flood?”

—A. BOEHLER, '12.

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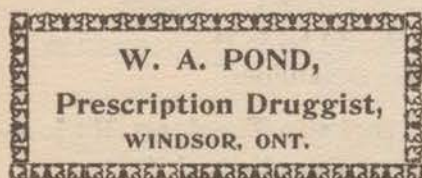
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